

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

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THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,

Three times a week, on a super-royal sheet. It will be delivered to subscribers in the District, at two cents per number, payable weekly.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square of 14 lines, one insertion,	37
two insertions	60
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one month	2 50
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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.—*Holy writ.*

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—*Francis Wayland.*

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—*John Pierpont.*

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infatuated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—*Samuel Spring.*

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tippers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the chief man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—*Wilbur Fish, D. D.*

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men.

Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—*Justin Edwards, D. D.*

You create paupers, and lodge them in your almshouse—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—immure them

in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—*Dr. Thomas Sewall.*

You are filling your almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! *Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLIGHT CAUSES.

From the German of Zschokke.

BY J. D. McPHERSON.

This translation was prepared for the Messenger. Since it was finished I have been informed that a version of the same tale has appeared in one of our Monthlies. If so, I but afford the reader another view, though a dim one, of the untranslatable style of the inimitable story writer, Heinrich Zschokke.—*Translator.*

It has passed into an axiom, that "what man wills, he can do." Each day, however, teaches us that "what man wills, he must do;" and what he wills is the effect of precedent causes which determine his destiny. It is indeed true, that talents and amiable qualities do much; but blind chance still more. And these talents, these amiable qualities, what are they but the gifts of unbiassed fortune?

I know no history more singular than that of the late Count Roderick Von W., who raised himself from a baker's boy to the highest dignities of his country, and died Prime Minister. Raised himself! The expression is too strong. Contrary to his own expectations, and even his own will, he was raised. He himself used to recount to us his adventures; but they were so insignificant in themselves, that they owed their greatest interest, perhaps, to the naïveté with which he related them. I will, however, recount here such of them as I recollect, convinced that to some, and most of all to myself, they will afford an hour's amusement; or, at least, recall some of the happy moments which I spent in the instructive company of that amiable old man.

THE BAKERY.

It is well known that Roderick was of low origin. His father was a custom-house officer in a little frontier town, of small fortune, but much knowledge and intelligence. Although he spoke several languages, drew well, and played the flute with skill, yet he never got beyond the custom-house. And why? Fortune favored him not. While yet a young man, he had lightly taken part in a silly scrape. All the others engaged in it, escaped by the aid of money, family, and influence, from the consequences; but he having nothing, became the scape-goat for the rest, and passed ten years in prison. After the expiration of his time, he left his native country, where he was disgraced, wandered a long time abroad, at length broke a leg, became a copyist on a pinching stipend, and finally, by the grace of his friends, on whom he was a burden, received a situation in the custom-house. Here he married a poor girl and became the father of our Roderick.

He gave the child an excellent education, instructing him himself, for he wished to make something out of him. Roderick had excellent talents, and bade fair to realize his father's hopes; but just when he was ready to enter the University, he found he had neither money nor patron. The old man pined over the disappointment and died: his wife had preceded him seven years before to everlasting bliss.

At the age of twenty Roderick stood alone. The property of the deceased scarce sufficed to pay his debts; but from some charitable souls Roderick received money to take him away from the town; and he left it, for he was no longer wanted there. He sought another village, where dwelt his father's sister, a widow, and supported her old age by the sale of matches, tinder, flints, paper, pens, etc. Roderick met the sister of his father, and apprised her of the death of her brother and the poverty of her nephew. The good old woman was deeply moved; she embraced her nephew, and promised to provide for him.

And she honestly kept her word. She received him into her house, and filled the place of a mother. But some forms in him she thought were necessary. "Then hast no money," said she, "nor have I. Think, then, no more of the University. That's well enough for rich people. Thy father had too much wit for his station; and that was one of the main causes of his ill fortune. He sought the great and lost the small. He threw away the penny, to play with dollars; and so remained always poor. His wishes were never in his place, and where his wishes were he could never get. That was his fault! God keep him! I tell thee what, Roderick, be a good boy and lay aside thy books, which only ruin the head. I cannot pay for thy schooling, and thou shalt be a baker's boy. I have already spoken to Master Birnenstiel; next week he will take thee. I will give thee a half a dozen shirts and a Sunday coat. In three years thou wilt be a journeyman, and then thou art thy own master. Labor has a golden soil, and the baker never wants for bread. Roderick had nothing to say against this arrangement, for he could make no better for himself. But Cicero and Xenophon were too dear to him; he took them to the baker's,

and when he had no meal bags to carry, and no dough to knead, and his mistress no errand to run, he learned an ode of Horace by heart.

THE DOUGH-TROUGH.

Master Birnenstiel and his wife were a quarrelsome pair, and between them heated Roderick more than a blazing oven. But they had a lovely daughter, who spoke comfort to the good youth. Gretchen was in her nineteenth year, and against the faults of a maiden of that age, Roderick had nothing to say; but bore them with Christian patience. But the heaviest of Gretchen's faults was that she carried her chin too high, and would rather look at a Prince than a baker's boy, even if the latter were the handsomest.

And in fact she had found a Prince—and a crown Prince in the bargain,—who, as Major of a dragoon regiment, was stationed with the garrison in the village. Here the young princely Major was to be taught the science of war; but unfortunately in the little garrison town there was nothing to conquer, but the hearts of the fair. Against these, then, the Prince had waged active war, and Gretchen appeared to him one of the most formidable adversaries against whom he had ever practised the mysteries of strategy and tactics. In this game our poor Roderick naturally played a sorrowful part. He carried alternately meal-bags and love-letters. The Prince had evidently studied Vauban to advantage. The siege went on prosperously. Gretchen determined to capitulate. And no wonder! A Prince to a baker's daughter, is not an angel, but an archangel.

Had Master Birnenstiel indeed suspected the affair, it would have gone ill with the rosy cheeks and coral lips of his pretty daughter; and the meal and letter carrier would have left the house without a blessing. But so it was, Master Birnenstiel thought of nothing less than that a Prince, without making any inquiries as to family or descent, had such intention to take the place of a son-in-law. But this admirable plan entirely miscarried, through unforeseen circumstances; and it was this adventure that caused Roderick to abandon the mystery of baking bread and pies.

One evening, the Prince, in citizens clothes, took his way to the baker's house to see Gretchen. For good reasons Gretchen was standing before the door to look at the stars. Although the Prince this time wore no stars, yet she looked at him; and how could she help it, when he stood close beside her? Let others also should see, they went into the dark passage, and then hearing Mother Birnenstiel on the stairs, they both slipped back into the baking-room, where Roderick, having made up the dough, was reading Homer by the aid of a dim lamp. Before he could look around, she jerked the old Greek out of his hand, and pushed him from the room, with the meaning words, "Tell us if any one comes."

While Roderick faithfully acted the sentinel without, Prince Xavier pictured to his saint the suffering of a loving heart. Gretchen, who also had read romances, listened with emotion, without concealing the uneasiness which the high rank of her lover inspired. He, however, swore with tears in his eyes, that if envious fate forbade him to live with her, with her he would die. "In yonder world," said he, "rank is unknown. Love alone exists." It is not known how he learnt this, for he certainly had never been there. Gretchen, however, believed him. A Prince, thought she, must know. They swore eternal truth. "And what," sighed Gretchen, "if we are betrayed?"

"Then," cried Xavier, "we will fly to the stream, our crystal grave, I clasp thee in my arms"—so said, so done—"give thee the last kiss;" and with these words, no longer repulsed, he pressed his first kisses upon her soft cheeks. Gretchen wept tears of sorrow and joy—"and sink with thee, O Gretchen, into death."

With these words, in truth, he sank with her into the broad dough-trough, which, in the faint light, he took perhaps for a sofa. The lovers lost their balance—not an unusual thing—and with lips still joined in sweet union, went head and neck into the soft dough, which Roderick had prepared with so much pains.

Nothing more chilling could have fallen upon the enraptured pair. The glow of love vanished in an instant. Each sought to escape first, and in the scramble kneaded the other still deeper into the batter, for their situation was as dangerous as it was helpless. At last, shaken by the powerful struggle, the unholy trough tumbled to the ground, with a crash that shook the whole house. Roderick heard it, and at the same time the suppressed murmurs of the unfortunate lovers. He sprang into the room and gazed, with amazement, on the strange figures, whose lower extremities alone betrayed humanity. Gretchen was busy with both hands, first to give her mouth air, and then to free her demure and beplastered eyes. The Prince had seized Homer and was industriously scraping his face; while the scattered meal was rising in thick white clouds. In the midst of all, they heard Master Birnenstiel, like Jupiter with his thunderbolts, rushing down the stairs. Roderick, to save the Prince and his beloved, had the presence of mind to hasten to meet him, and seizing him by the arm, dragged him into the street, crying with unfeigned terror, "fly, fly from the house."

"What for?" asked Birnenstiel.

"An earthquake, an earthquake," shrieked Roderick.

The Baker was, with all his roughness, a God-fearing man, and had long prophesied the destruction of the city on account of its sins. In his panic he really believed the earth was trembling beneath his feet, and he besought Roderick to rescue his wife and daughter. As Roderick rushed again into the house, the beplastered Prince sprang to meet him, and drew him out the back door into the street.

"What do you want?" asked Roderick.

"Help me to get this dough off. If any one sees me, I shall be the jest of the whole town."

THE STAR OF FORTUNE RISES.

While Mr. Birnenstiel in prayer awaited the destruction of Gomorrah, and his daughter was releasing her imprisoned members, Roderick was busy with the Prince. When the latter could

breathe freely, he thanked his rescuer, and praised his ready invention, in casting the mishap upon the earthquake.

"Ah," sighed Roderick, if your Highness had half but so lucky a thought to save me from the claws of my master! For he will pay me back my earthquake with a vengeance. Ah! and you have ruined my Homer, too, forever."

"Homer!" said Xavier, who had the book in his hand, looking with astonishment at the baker's boy, who, though under the same roof with a pretty girl, preferred the company of the old Greek. This gave rise to many questions, Roderick related his brief history, which so pleased the kind-hearted and grateful Prince, that he determined to rescue the genius of the lad from obscurity.

"Let your master alone Roderick," said he, "and trouble yourself no more about him or Gretchen either; she'll easily find herself out of the scrape. I will fulfil your wishes and send you to the University. Here is money, clothe yourself better. Go home, inform your master of your intentions, but be silent about what has happened. Come to me to-morrow after dusk, and tell no one who it is that aids you."

Roderick fell at the feet of the Prince, and then hastened to his aunt to relate his good fortune. On the following morning he sent her to say, that having upset the dough-trough by accident, he would not return for fear of the consequences.

Affairs were soon put in trim. The good aunt arranged her nephew's wardrobe, enjoined him to study divinity, and dismissed him to the University. Roderick departed in tears. As he had become sincerely attached to the good old woman, during the year of his wearisome apprenticeship, and while he loved her as a second mother, he had become so dear to her, that she not only reconciled to his books, but on his birth-day each year, sent him a dollar, wrapped in gold paper, to add to his stock.

THE LEG OF MUTTON.

Roderick, even at the University, obeyed his aunt in all things except in studying divinity.—He chose the law. For three years the Prince honorably forwarded his annual allowance, and when at the commencement of the fourth his Highness set out on a foreign tour, he transmitted the last sum, and promised, after his return from England, France and Italy, again to seek him out. Roderick resumed his studies with double diligence; and when the course was finished, wrote to his aunt for her advice upon the momentous question—where should he exercise his profession? The answer was in a strange hand; and besought him, if he would see the good old lady in life, to hasten to her sick bed, where she anxiously expected him. Roderick hastily packed his little property, more papers than clothes, in his chest, took extra post, and departed without even taking leave of his classmates. One only accompanied him to the stage, the young Baron Heuven, who highly esteemed him. Heuven himself was a young man of rare parts, honest nature, brilliant talents, and various knowledge; and though quick fiery, and with means to bear him through every folly, yet never falling into excesses.

"Do you know what we have sworn, Roderick," said Heuven, at parting, "to be friends for life, and never desert each other?"

"I do know it, Heuven."

"Well, then, keep your vow. And when you stand in need of influence or purse, blush not to ask it; I will share all with you."

They embraced with tears and parted, renewing their vows. Many a youth of noble purpose forms such engagements, but they resemble too much the treaties of eternal amity formed by diplomats. With other times, come other men; with other connexions, other interests.

But Roderick rejoiced in the attachment of his friend, and regarded his declarations as the surest resource against the storms of life. Reflections on Heuven's friendship and his aunt's dying bed so occupied him, that he thought not of eating or drinking, but travelled the whole night, sleeping and dreaming as well as possible in the coach, and at noon on the following day, drew up at the tavern of a small market town, but two stages from his destination. Here, however, the seducing savor from the busy kitchen overpowered his melancholy; and while the table was preparing for him, a stranger entered the room. It was Master Birnenstiel.

"Well met, Master! witherward now?" cried Roderick.

The baker hardly knew his former apprentice, for he had not seen him since the great earthquake. He approached the young man with many a bow and smirk, informed him of the death of his aunt, consoled with him in the most approved style, and endeavored to comfort him with the reflection, that man passeth away like grass, and that the good woman had left him sole heir. She was buried the day before.

The solicitude so overcome the good Roderick, that scarce answering the baker, he turned his back upon him and staggered from the house, to be alone in the open air. Since his father's death, the kind old aunt had been all to him; she had loved him as a mother; and now, without a parent or a relative, he stood in the wide world alone.

When the host called him to dinner, Birnenstiel was no longer there. Roderick's grief had as yet found no tears. He was glad to be alone. He would gladly have abandoned himself to his feelings, had not his stomach very unseasonably insisted upon its undeniable rights.

At the first spoonful of soup his eyes filled; but when the host brought in a leg of mutton done in brown sauce, just as his lost relative had dressed it when they last sat down together, on the eve of his departure, Roderick burst into a stream of tears. He drew the viand to him, carved it with silent sorrow, and ate with appetite and anguish.

"Blessed mother," cried he, sobbing, as he sat alone and put one bit after another in quick succession into his mouth, "while thou soarest above the stars, I wander alone under heaven; but if it be allowed to good spirits to look down upon the affairs of the earth, I am not yet forgotten."

The story of the rich and noble Heuven forms the sequel and contrast to that of the baker's boy. [Translator.]

by thee. Look down upon me blessed spirit, on me, the desolate."

With these words he severed another fat morsel, which stopped his voice, but not his grief.

When at length the leg, so rich in recollections, was almost consumed, in the fullness of melancholy, Roderick's fancy took a higher range.—Raising his tearful eyes, and in his left hand the well-picked bone towards heaven, or rather towards the ceiling, he sighed, "Ah, take me to thyself above! what shall I do alone here below? Where is there a heart that yet beats for me?"

The pious Roderick believed that his soliloquy was unheard by all, except, perhaps, the spirit of his blessed aunt; he had not observed that he sat by a half open door, where a pretty girl fourteen or fifteen years of age, stood awhile curiously, in equal admiration of his tender grief and powerful appetites. At length, unable to restrain her laughter at the strange spectacle, hastily disappeared.

"Oh! my good Lord Councillor," cried she to a stout gentleman coming up the steps, "I beg you, for Heaven's sake, just to go into the big room. There sits an angelic young gentleman, devouring a leg of mutton, and at the same time almost crying his eyes out of his head.—In my whole life, never did I see a man out of pure grief eat such an enormous quantity of meat in so short a time. Go, my dear sir, do go comfort him. And she pushed him into the room, while he more than once bade her, "don't be so naughty, Countess."

To be continued.

PUTTING RESOLUTIONS INTO PRACTICE.—

At a missionary meeting held amongst the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:—

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

So soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave some more and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw upon the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the negro that received the money, "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but is not according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back again to his seat in a rage. One after another came forward and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying—"Dare, take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-tenderly that the negro answered again, "No! dat won't do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolution, but not according to de last," and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up at the table, with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the treasury. "Very well," said the negro, "Dat will do. Dat according to all de resolutions."

EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.

THOMAS PURSELL has just imported, per ships Pacific and Hampden, from Liverpool and other sources, one hundred and thirteen packages of the above articles, of the newest style and from the best manufacturers, such as—

French and English china dinner, tea, and toilet Sets, or pieces detached.

Canton china, pearl, white, blue, stone china and blue printed, and figured Plates.

Dishes, Bowls, Vases, (a great variety)

In a word, his very extensive Stock embraces almost every article usually kept in such establishments.

Dixon's English Britannia Tea and Coffee Sets, and plated Castors

And, also, American Britannia Coffee and tea Sets, or pieces separate

Castors, Lamps, Candlesticks, Mugs, covered Pitchers Table and tea Spoons, Covered Urns and Briggins, &c.

Solar, hard, or oil Lamps

Lamp Glasses and Wicks, of almost every size. Ivory-handled and other Knives and Forks, in complete sets or separate

Plated and brass Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays

Waiters, Looking-Glasses, Shovel and Tongs

Cut, pressed, and plain Tumblers, Wines

Champagnes, Finger Bowls, Wine Coolers, Claret

Decanters, Fruit Baskets, Dishes, Lamps, &c.

A large assortment of common Ware, suitable for retailing. All of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, as cheap as the very cheapest.

English Pipes in boxes

First quality Stone Ware at the factory prices.

As the subscriber is determined to reduce his heavy stock of Goods he intends to sell low, and solicits a call from his friends and the public generally at his store opposite Browns' Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue.

THOMAS PURSELL.

Nov. 18—2m

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT.—

For rent, three newly finished houses on D, between 9th and 10th streets, containing nine comfortable rooms in each, brick out-houses, &c. One of the houses I am now furnishing, and to a careful tenant would rent it low for the approaching season. To any person wishing a very comfortable house and convenient location, this house is just such a one. For further particulars apply at

SELBY PARKER'S

Perfumery and Fancy Store, between 9th and 10th

streets, Penn. Avenue.

Nov. 27—1f

JOHN CONNELLY.

CHEAP CABINET, SOFA, AND CHAIRMAN/

UPFURNITURE AND UNDERTAKER.

Seventh st. between 11 and 12th Washington City.

He informs his friends and the public, that he is prepared to execute all orders in the above business, with which he may be favored. He hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

N. B.—Funerals attended to at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms, warranted to give satisfaction.

Nov. 4—1f